

Worst Fear by **doinmybest**

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Summary: On their way to Hopper's cabin, Mike and Eleven encounter a surprise that brings forth fear, realizations, and comfort. A one shot that should make you feel warm and fuzzy (Mileven)

Worst Fear

AN: Hello and welcome to the first story I have ever published on the world wide web! I absolutely adore this show and the characters in it, so I wanted to translate my love into this quick and cute story. I'm open to constructive criticism so message me if you have any suggestions!

The middle of the night was always El's worst fear, especially being in Hoppers cabin where the darkness consumed all that was around them. It reminded her of her imprisonment in Hawkins Lab, how Papa constantly made her go to the bath only to be left alone in the void. She was always at her most vulnerable when she went to the bath since she was alone and scared with no one to help her. That's why she always needed some sort of light on when she slept in Mike's basement, and now in Hoppers cabin. It wasn't that she couldn't bear the darkness, for she had gotten used to it. It was just that it always seemed to remind her of the childhood that was stripped away from her, and of how her life wasn't hers to live. So, every night, the great void of the sky above was a constant reminder of all her horrifying experiences, she thought there couldn't be anything worse. She was wrong. The stereotypical, yet real fear of the dark had long been replaced by another fear that triumphed over all for El, and that was the fear of losing Mike. The only reason she could stand being away from him for 353 days was because Hopper told her she would put him in great danger if she made any contact with him. And the only thing worse than not being with him was him not being there at all. Gone. Taken from her by the bad men. El would spend 353 years in that dark void if it meant Mike would be safe.

She thought of these things as she gazed up at the night sky, Mike giving her a ride back to Hop's cabin on his bike. They had just spent an evening playing D&D with the gang, and when everyone was leaving on their bikes Mike insisted on giving El a ride since Hopper was more lenient on how much time she spent in the outside world. She associated the dark and the upside down with the cold, so she felt safe holding on tight to Mike, his warmth radiating onto her, keeping her safe. She kept looking up at the sky in her pensive state, this being the first time she ever truly payed attention to it. It was

dark, no surprise there, and there were millions if not billions of stars. This, El thought, is the reason she could bear the night time. Despite it being dark, you could always count on the light being out there somewhere, there to give you hope. One thing she wasn't expecting, however, was the great burst of light streaking across the sky.

"Mike!" she yelled, truly terrified by this new object flying through the sky. Mike slammed on the brakes, turning around to check on her, afraid that she might be hurt somehow. "What is it El? Are you okay?! What's wrong?"

"The stars are falling out of the sky! What should we do?!" She still didn't quite understand the concept of space. She remembered Hopper mentioning how his daughter, Sarah, liked space and had a book on it. He later said that he would find that same book for El to read. His explanations on what lies in the sky were very limited though, so when she saw this streak of light in the sky she thought that something was wrong. Mike looked up at the sky, and low and behold, there was another one!

"Mike?" She whimpered, waiting for him to make things better through his explanation, as he always did. "Oh, you mean the shooting stars?" he asked.

"Shooting stars?" her confusion growing ever deeper, and longing for a better explanation.

"Yeah, it's basically pieces of rock that float through space and get caught in the Earth's atmosphere. It isn't really a star falling out of the sky, but only looks that way because it's really hot when it passes by our planet. It's nothing to worry about. It's actually really beautiful and fascinating..." he trailed off, realizing that he was starting to ramble. He hoped that his explanation didn't completely go over her head, but he could see her start to relax and look almost relieved.

"Hey, don't worry, they're not dangerous at all. It's completely normal and there's no way for them to hurt us." He continued, determined to put her mind at rest.

"So, the stars aren't falling?" she pursued, now looking up in

astonishment.

"No El, we're completely safe here." He said, smitten with her innocent curiosity about the world. Now they both looked up the sky, only to see a whole shower of shooting stars painting streaks of light across the sky. "Wow! I've never seen this many at once before, we're pretty lucky we caught the show!", now it was El's turn to be smitten with Mike's expression as he gazed upwards. They both sat in awed silence as the stars continued to fall, each feeling the others warmth, stealing glances at the other. Sure, the shooting stars may be beautiful and amazing, but Mike knew that nothing could be more special than standing next to El, and no beauty could ever match hers.

"Oh, and there's one more important thing you should know about shooting stars. Every time you see one go by, you can make a wish. Any wish you want. And it may come true." Mike remembered.

"A wish?" El mused, knowing exactly what she would wish for on every star that came their way. It was in this moment that she finally decided that she wasn't afraid of the dark anymore. And not realizing that you're supposed to keep your wish to yourself, she said "I wish that we will never have to be apart ever again." With that, she turned to Mike and gave him a peck on the cheek, which proceeded to flush a bright red made more apparent by the light of the stars.

"Me too." He said, now wrapping his arms around her as she proceeded to look up at the sky again. Yeah, she thought, as long as she was with Mike she could face all of her fears, and even find beauty where there had once been darkness.